

# UNITY.

FREEDOM, + FELLOWSHIP + AND + CHARACTER + IN + RELIGION.

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## UNITY.

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## NOTES.

"The deceased wife's sister is about to be 'dis-established' by parliament." This is the way an English exchange facetiously speaks of the prospect of England's being all too tardily rid of an arbitrary and mischievous law.

An exchange announces the fact that the Cologne Cathedral, whose foundations were laid six hundred and thirty-five years ago, is at last completed. Where is the faith and the insight to lay the foundation of a church which shall reach its maturity six hundred years hence?

The Alumni of the Oberlin Theological School at their recent meeting unanimously voted Antoinette Brown Blackwell and Lettice Smith Holmes as regular members of the Theological Alumni for 1850. These ladies took the regular Theological course with that class, standing high in their studies, but the management refused them their diplomas because they were women. The recent action of

the "cloth" proves that in 1850 either the ladies were thirty-three years ahead of time or that Oberlin college was thirty-three years behind the time. Which was it?

A two volume "Life of Luther" by Peter Bayne is soon to appear, and Froude has recently published a sketch of the great reformer. We hope this work is well done, and that it will find extensive reading. To use an art phrase, we need a Luther "Revival," a return not to the transitional thought and provisional theology of Luther, but to the mighty earnestness, the sublime honesty, and splendid courage of that great warrior for truth. Nothing but a Luther-like stalwartness will save the rose-water religion and the go-easy morality of to-day from precipitating the American life into weaker morals and more stupid intellects than those of the Fathers.

"The Story of Theodore Parker," first published by the Unitarian Sunday School Society of London, is to be reprinted in this country by Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston, with American editing. It is to form the first of a series of biographies on "The Great and Good." Many of those who are profoundly indebted to Theodore Parker for much that is deepest and sweetest in their religious experience, persist in believing that his day has not even yet come; that there is to come from the story of his life and the kindling eloquence of his words, a power for the sanctifying and the enlightening of souls, greater even than that already experienced, large as that is. Perhaps the appearance of this child's book about a great child-lover may help usher in this better day.

Rev. T. T. Munger gives some timely thoughts in a recent issue of the *Christian Union* under the caption "When Shall Discussion End?" Writing from the orthodox camp and of internal troubles, he gives his associates no encouragement to hope that there is any peace to be found save that won by conflict. The only way out of the trouble is through it:

There is a growing aversion to speculate upon what is uncertain; there is an element of positivism in modern thought that holds it down



to what is real and knowable; and the very growth of the ethical sentiment, which is a feature of the new phase of theology, renders earnest minds impatient of speculation that brings no force of motive to present conduct. It is plain to all thoughtful observers that endless punishment is no deterrent to evil-doers, and that future probation provokes no license. Distant motives, of whatever sort, have little influence; man is a being who is governed by near motives. Gehenna was at the very gate of Jerusalem, and its smoke rose before the eyes of those who were warned of its fires.

\* \* \* \* \*

Who, then, is responsible for this controversy, so wasteful of moral energy, so disturbing to the churches, so prolific of unjust suspicion, so tiresome at last to all? Certainly not they who cherish "the larger hope." Whatever clamor has been raised on this subject is due to those who adhere to the letter of the dogma, and not to the liberal school. The outcry has proceeded from one side; let it not blame the other for the disturbance.

He argues that no man has a right to stop in his theological search until he has attained a conception of God that is just, true, and merciful, consistent with human intelligence, and he concludes with these prophetic words:

Until these conceptions are gained and wrought into the consciousness of the church, discussion will and must continue, for until then there will be no rest for thoughtful minds and no peace for disturbed ones.

#### BOOK-SELLING IN CHICAGO.

We are well aware of Chicago's unenviable reputation for bragging and would be very sorry to print a line that might have a tendency to confirm the suspicion of our out-of-town friends, that the spirit of inflation may be still upon us. But the more intimately we know the life of this new metropolis, the more clearly are we persuaded that a part of this unflattering opinion held concerning us, is attributable to certain uncomfortable facts which if stated at all will inevitably look like exaggeration. The superlatives which offend our friends are ours not from choice but from necessity. It is not the fault of Chicago people that their city is so situated that in spite of all they can do, it has become the metropolis of the great central valley of this continent, the most fertile in the world. We cannot help it, that Chicago should have the greatest fire in the world, that it is the greatest wheat market in the world, that it has the broadest and longest streets of any city in the world, and that it has the finest buildings for commercial purposes of any city in the world in proportion to its inhabitants. We cannot help its unparalleled growth, and must not deny our great railroad systems and the fact that the Chicago banks steady the money markets of the country. We may regret much of this, even be ashamed of it, but if we speak of them at all we ought to tell the truth about them, even at the risk of being a "western braggart." And so we may blush over the necessity of saying that

Chicago has, unquestionably, the handsomest and most extensive book-stores in the world, and that it is fast becoming the best place to sell books in this country. But the truth must be stated.

All book-lovers who remember the first Chicago recall with pleasure the notable Book Sellers' Row on State street, between Madison and Washington, where the three magnificent, double-fronted stores of the "Western News Company," "S. C. Griggs & Co.," and "Keen, Cooke & Co.," rivalled each other in the elegance of their furnishing, the extent of their stock, and the courtesy of their manner. That Book Sellers' Row contributed fuel to the fire, and the second Chicago failed to concentrate its book business in the old fashion. The Western News Company put all its energies into the wholesale and news-dealing business. Keen, Cooke & Co. after a struggle went down in the hard times that came. The senior member of S. C. Griggs & Co. went into the publishing business, but the junior members of this establishment, reorganizing under the firm name of "Jansen, McClurg & Co.," held the old ground. Their palatial establishment steadily grew in favor and attractiveness, until it was the pride, and, to a certain extent, the hope of what culture Chicago could boast of. But the irrepressible dry-goods man so crowded State street with the "women who go shopping" that Emerson, Carlyle and Ruskin found themselves in uncongenial company. Last May this firm moved its stupendous pile of printed matter to the building on the corner of Wabash avenue and Madison street, this building having been previously arranged and thoroughly adapted to the uses of such business. The building offers seventy-two feet front on the Avenue, and one hundred and fifty feet on Madison street, with six floors, giving one-third more space than the old stand. The establishment keeps upwards of a hundred employees busy. Every floor is crowded with stock but the whole is so systematized that everything works with military precision. All the appliances to reduce the risk from fire and the waste of strength to the *minimum* are utilized. Not only does the *acreage* of this house exceed that of any retail bookstore in the world, but it is unparalleled in its capacity for light and air. The whole building is bathed in light; even the basement scarcely yields the smell of gas-light, while from the upper windows magnificent views of the harbor and Avenue are obtained. We were recently shown through this establishment by the courteous senior of the firm. Mr. Jansen came to Chicago in



1848, became identified with this book house in 1854 when there were but 16,000 people in the city. At that time the enterprise of the house boasted itself in the courage that dared to order five hundred Spellers for the season's trade, which heavy shipment was made by stage from Michigan City. Mr. Jansen is still comparatively young, directing a business, the extent of which we will not undertake to represent in figures, for the figures would be incomprehensible to some and incredible to others.

A few doors south on the opposite side of the street, 134 and 136 Wabash Ave., is the enterprising house of "S. A. Maxwell & Co." Unlike the house just noticed, which has grown from little to great with the city, this establishment came here full-fledged from Bloomington, Ill. Its Chicago business is scarcely a year old, and still it represents the largest wall-paper jobbing house in the world, and its Book and Stationery Departments are unquestionably next in importance to the "Jansen-McClurg" house. The Retail Book Department in attractiveness and completeness is inferior to the former only in point of extent. Mr. Maxwell is a man of immense energy, and a fine embodiment of the best side of what is known as Western enterprise. A man imbued with a sublime faith in the future, who is conscious of undeveloped resources in himself, in others, and in nature. He believes in young men, and has none others around; scarcely thinks it possible to kill a man with hard work, if the fret and dissipation of life be eliminated. Right across the way is "The Colegrove Book Co.," with the history and career of which our readers are more intimately acquainted. Organized a little over two years ago on the fragments of the defunct houses of the "Hadley Bros." and the "Keen, Cooke & Co.," it has found its trade rapidly increasing, and the change of location doubles its quarters, which at the present time are none too large. Mr. Colegrove is the oldest book-man found behind the counter and among the shelves in Chicago. He offers his personal wisdom and experience directly to his customers, among whom are to be counted a large number of the professional and literary men and women of the West. The business connection of this house with UNITY, and the proximity of the Unitarian Head-quarters, gives a slight aroma of heresy to the establishment, which it was thought by some at first might affect its sales. But to the credit of Western liberality be it said, the managers have yet to know of the first customer they have lost on this account, although they number

among their patrons a large number of clergymen of many denominations. If there are any orthodox people in Chicago who shrink from Unitarian contact,—“during business hours”—they are not of the kind who read books, consequently they have little to do with bookstores. Directly south on the avenue in the same block with the “Colegrove Book Store” are the attractive stores of the “Presbyterian Publishing Board,” the “American Tract Society” and the “Baptist Union,” so that the “Book Sellers’ Row” of Chicago is now unquestionably found on Wabash Ave. The only house not on the avenue that carries a general line in literature, is the “Methodist Book Concern.” It is solidly ensconced in its own quarters at 57 Washington St., otherwise we should expect to see it moving over one of these days.

We are not unmindful of the fact that books are not to be estimated by the cubic yard, nor handled like potatoes in bulk. Doubtless many of our superlatives must be dropped in speaking of the quality of the books that constitute the Chicago trade. Yet, it is but just to say, that the amount of trash sought for in the Chicago book markets is steadily on the decrease, and the leading houses mentioned do “on principle,” as one of them put it, “give the cold shoulder to the poorer books.” Mrs. Southworth is in the basement, Thackeray and Geo. Eliot in the front window. Dickens’ works lead the market, while the trade in substantial editions of leading authors is steadily and hopefully increasing. Importations of rare art-books in fine bindings have for several years been an attractive feature of the “Jansen-McClurg” house. Now that they have room for the attractive display and the comfortable examination of the same, this department seems richer than ever before.

To sum up, in standard and current books, Chicago offers advantages and attractions as good as the best anywhere, which speaks not only to the credit of book-sellers, but proves the existence of book-buyers. Yet in the rare old wines found in antique editions and books that are out of print on account of their excellence, the spick-span new shelves of Chicago book stores are necessarily meager. The happy surprises found in the musty old book-stores of London, or behind some of the quaint angles in the Old-Corner Book store of Boston are not yet to be found in Chicago. Perhaps book-selling as a business has about reached its high-water mark in Chicago at the present time. After awhile in Chicago as in older cities book-selling will be-



come a *luxury*, an indulgence, when the collector and the antiquarian and the book-worm will to a certain extent take the place of the business man in the book-store. When visitors to Chicago look in on "The Fair," the "Marshall Field Establishment" and the "Japanese Curio" and go away without visiting its bookstores, they miss one of the finest features of Chicago.

## Contributed Articles.

### HYMN.

NEWTON M. MANN.

[Written for the final service in the (Fitzhugh Street) Unitarian Church, Rochester, July 15, 1883.]

This house was built for God and man,  
And man and God have here been served;  
Its walls in faithful toil began,  
Nor from their faithfulness have swerved.

What fragrant memories abide  
Of souls that once have worshiped here,  
And with their presence sanctified  
The humble place, and made it dear!

Beside their silent dust we said,  
As here we told our sorrow o'er,  
'No more their feet these aisles shall tread,  
The place that knew them knows no more.'

Ah! on the living also falls  
The self-same sentence, now we see,  
For forth the word has gone: *These walls*  
*Must crumble to a memory.*

O living Church! that feels no shock  
What'er the wreck of fane or form,  
Firm built upon the eternal Rock,  
Outstanding tempest, fire and storm,—

Fair fellowship of loving souls  
That change nor death itself can part,  
Thy blessing all our life enfolds  
And binds to thee our every heart.

### QUESTION AND ANSWER.

[From the German of Frederick Halm.]

JOSEPHINE JARVIS.

Now what is love? pray tell me,  
O heart, of love the seat.  
"Two souls in thought united,  
Two hearts and but one beat."

And tell me whence love cometh?  
"It comes whence no one knows."  
And tell me how love goeth?  
"That is not love that goes."

And say, which love is purest?  
"That which from self is free."  
And when is love the deepest?  
"The deepest *still* must be."

And when is love the richest?  
"When giving at each call."  
And tell me how love speaketh,  
"It loves—speaks not at all."

## ATMOSPHERIC NEGATIONS;

OR

## TRUTH TRIED THROUGH TORNADOES.

KRISTOFER JANSON.

[Just as we go to press the following graphic and distressing account of the sufferings and exposure of our devoted Skandinavian and his family, reaches us. We lay aside matter already in type in order to permit Brother Janson to tell the story in his own way in these pages, in order that our readers may make similar haste to assure Mr. and Mrs. Janson of their sympathy in a substantial way. Are there not 500 UNITY subscribers who will send \$1.00 each to this office towards the UNITY Relief Fund to the Janson Mission? Are there not 100 more who will send us an average of \$5.00 for the same, and let the fierceness of the elements be ameliorated by the tenderness of human hearts in this case as it has been done so often before. Here is a chance to emphasize the second word in our motto—FELLOWSHIP.—EDITOR.]

To-day I have to bring you the sad tidings, that our new chapel and my summer residence are swept away in the tornado, that struck this country on the 21st of July. Now, when the day of horror is over, I can calmly tell you all the details about it. We had built two wings on the church, you know, as a summer resort for me and my family, and we had just moved in. The church itself was not yet finished, the doors and windows not put in, and the carpenters and joiners busy at their work, when the misfortune happened. The weather had been turbulent for many days, every night lightning and thunder and violent showers. It was in the morning on the 21st. We had just taken our breakfast, and had gathered out on the porch to look at the grand play of the elements performed before us. Round in the horizon there flashed lightning on lightning, and it thickened and darkened more and more. We foresaw a violent tempest. It seemed as if the storm moved away from us in the direction of New Ulm, and we wondered if that poor town should be drowned to death for the second time. It was swept away by a cyclone two years ago, you remember. A cloud, black as the raven's wing, appeared in the west. Suddenly it split, and between the two black trains expanded the most fearful, dismal sky I ever saw. The color was green—gray—yellow, and it darkened the sun, so it became dim as in twilight. The carpenters had by and by gathered together with us on the porch. "This must be a hail-storm," one of them said; "now we will pretty soon hear of disasters." Suddenly the cleft widened between the two black cloud-wings, and the upper one came with a terrible speed hurrying back toward us. "Let us walk in," I said. "It seems as if we too shall get a taste of it." We went in, and our parlor looked quite dark. We had scarcely locked the door, before we heard the roaring of the storm coming. In a moment



we were surrounded by a white cloud, and the wind and rain lashed the house, which groaned and shivered all through. It was not rain, it was furious torrents of water mixed with heavy hails, which poured down from heaven. The storm tried to burst open the door, but five men pressed against it with all their might. The wall seemed to give way and stood in a bow, the building shook as in convulsions. I felt like a tightening of my heart every time the house seemed to be lifted from the ground and dropped down again. Twice we had these terrible shocks, then in a moment, house, men, furniture were hurled through the air one hundred feet away. I do not remember anything before I found myself on the ground crawling among the debris of my new home. The first I discovered was my wife with a child in each arm lying at my side. Men and children were scattered round among lumber and sidings, whether alive or dead nobody could tell. A table and a staircase came flying through the air; some men met them and pushed them away, so they did not kill my wife and children; bits of wall and roof whirled round us, here it was impossible to remain. We crept and crawled and ran for our lives down to the forest. As we found each other there, we were only six; a friend of ours, a farmer, had one of the small girls in his arms, my wife another, and one of my sons clung to me. But where were the rest of the children? I had myself seen one of the carpenters run with my third little girl—but the eldest and youngest boy? Killed, perhaps, or lying mutilated among the ruins and impossible to look for them. The hurricane would have swept us away as soon as we had moved from the wood. The only thing to do was to press the children to us and give them so much shelter as we could with our broader backs. The rain and the hail lashed us, the oak shrubs were blown flat to the ground and their limbs struck our heads and shoulders like whips. We were obliged to change place twice to get more shelter deeper into the brush. Four other men came to us in the wood. They could tell that my eldest son was seen following the man who carried my little girl, but the youngest boy nobody had seen. One of the men—it was the contractor of the building—said that he had been out in the other wing of the church, the kitchen, when the storm carried that wing away, and he had just saved his life by jumping into the cellar. From this his shelter he had seen his pride—the church—been splintered. It was lifted from the ground twice and sailed like a ship down hill, till the roof burst, and then it was torn to pieces.

The lips of the children became quite blue, and they shivered all through; we must try to escape to the nearest farm down in the larger forest. Two of the men carried the two small girls, then followed I myself with my son and one of the carpenters, hand in hand, and at last came my wife, supported by two other men. We waded through

the grass and underbrush and mud, while the wind howled, and the rain lashed and chilled us. We saw at a distance the house of our nearest neighbor, the man who had made his escape with my little girl; it was moved from its ground but not tipped over, but it was impossible to stop and investigate whether the rest of the children were there or not; we must run all we could. I shall never forget the calm but pale face of my wife with her hair whirling round her head in wet tatters, and with the water streaming from face, hands and dress, dragged along between the two men. As long as we had shelter in the wood it went on pretty well, but soon we had to pass a shelterless road. Then came a lightning and a thunder-crash, so that I believed the heaven would crack, and I bowed down; I did not dare to look back, whether my wife was struck or not. At last we reached the farm. God be praised! saved, and with unbroken limbs! But the rest of the children!

As soon as possible the men went out to search for them. In less than half an hour they came back with them all alive; they were found on the neighbor's farm. My little girl had got some slight wounds round the eye from hails; she had cried on her mother the whole time, and the man who saved her was compelled to take her by the neck and keep her to the ground. The youngest boy had laid down, grasped the grass and cried: "I shall die! I shall die!" As soon as possible our neighbor had moved from his shelter among the shrubs and tried to reach his farm. He had not moved far away before the roof of the church came flying and dropped down just where he had been with the children. The kitchen wing had been ground to small pieces. We were sixteen together in the house, and nobody is seriously hurt; it sounds like a miracle.

But what loss the poor farmers must suffer is beyond description. The promising crop is totally destroyed on many places, houses, barns, granaries whirled away. A farmer, belonging to my congregation, who last year lost all his five children in a disease, has now lost his house and got his crop spoiled. Here is misfortune on misfortune.

I have also suffered a heavy loss. I will not mention a hundred and fifty dollars cash, which are strown out over the prairie, I guess (we have found some ten and five and one dollar bills under tree-roots and among the grass), neither our furniture, clothing and all chattels broken and spoiled, but I have lost many of my manuscripts. My diligent work, since I came to America, is gone. I had a book ready for publication next year, theological treatises about the points of controversy between us and the orthodox people—all gone. A little story from the farmer life here West, which I just had finished—gone, gone. Perhaps I can get some of my papers restored, because we find every day pages spread out over the fields like wet, muddy balls, but how much will be readable or not I cannot yet tell. Our clothing we find hanging round



on the trees or among the grass. But we have saved our life, and we ought to be grateful.

My poor congregation! how they enjoyed our meetings in the half-finished church, sitting on lumberpiles or bundles of shingles, rejoicing at their sure hope to get the chapel finished this summer and clear off all debt. Now we are in the same dilemma as before; yes, still worse, because the schoolhouse where we sometimes had our meetings is also gone, and the capability of the farmers to rebuild the church has decreased, because their crop is spoiled. Still they look the situation courageously straight in the face and rejoice at having me living among them. Everybody that saw the church swept away, was sure that we all were killed.

We have had a meeting among the ruins. The members of my congregation have been busy there for two days clearing the ground. All agreed in that we should try to raise the church without the wings on this very fall, and the farmers would assist all they could in doing work. It would be impossible to them to give money now; it will be hard enough to pay what they already have subscribed to the first church. The rest of the sum given by the ladies of Mr. Dole's church, Boston, \$500, will be sufficient to clear the present debt, the wages to the carpenters and some bills in New Ulm, among them the bill on church doors and windows, which still remain there and should have been put in two days after the disaster happened. Then we will have left \$250 subscribed by the farmers. The carpenters believe that at least the third part of the materials still are to be used, and that the church can be raised again for about \$700.

But alone we cannot do it, we need aid. Will you not still lend us a hand, Unitarian brethren and sisters? It is of great importance to get the church up as soon as possible, because that will break the powerful efforts which now will be made by our opponents to destroy my work. There has recently been a Lutheran meeting in Madelia, where the ministers fought for the doctrine that infants, who died without baptism, were eternally lost, and that Unitarians were not Christians at all. The two months I intended to spend here they have announced meetings forenoon and afternoon on Sundays, to prevent their people to listen to me. At first the Lutheran people here did not at all believe that we should be able to raise any church, and they made fun of us; when they saw the church rise, they said that we had changed God's pure word into a wooden house. One of their ministers prophesied that that church should not stay long, and it has been uttered privately that Lutheran Christians here wished that church burned to the ground and the false prophet Kristofer Janson drowned in the lake. I urged the farmers to get it insured as fast as possible, I did not know how far "Christian" zeal could go. Now the chapel is gone, and our enemies will be triumphant. I am sure that their ministers will use this misfortune to scare the people away from

the liberal cause, pronouncing it frankly as a direct punishment from God, who will not be mocked at, and the greater number of my countrymen are too priest-ridden and too superstitious not to believe, or at least not to fall into doubt, by this misfortune. We must have the chapel raised again to show the people that liberal Christianity does not fall flat to the ground on account of a cyclone, but is backed up pretty well by friends in all states. We have received a heavy blow, that is true, but we are still alive, and it would be foolish to let go the grasp we have got here. The place will be important as a centre and is not to be sold for want of some hundred dollars. Remember that, American and Scandinavian Liberals, and lend us a hand to get our church raised this fall. If possible we will try to buy a lot farther down, where the future church will be protected by the shrubs and by the hill itself. But if such a hurricane should come once more, no human power can resist it, and the church will go, whether it stands on a hill-top or down in the valley. The present place was considered quite safe, because all storms usually divided there and followed the rivers.

My address will be now: The office of "Budstikken," Minneapolis, Minnesota. All contributions directed to me will be given account for.

*Brown Co., July 24, 1883.*

## MIDSUMMER MUSINGS.

### WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?

M. H. G.

Mere tenants-at-will, holding an earth-lease for improvement, no terminal date affixed thereto, the vast majority of human kind here sojourning simply accept the boon of life, never so much as thinking to ask whether Not-being were a better thing. By almost universal tacit consent the question concerns us not in the least. We've no quarrel with the Non-existents. They can have no grudge against us. Why should any want to give us battle in their behalf? Life is sure to be worth to each of us individually just what we make of it, neither less nor more. As a man thinketh in his heart so is he, expediency's bond-servant or truth's freeman. A consistent home-ruler need be slave to no circumstance. The sovereign whose "minde a kingdom is" will not fear being unsceptred. Hear Milton moralize: can any one do it better?

"Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st.  
Live well; how long or short, permit to Heaven."

"How to do it," is the question of questions. In proportion to their bearing upon human conduct, the different branches of science may be regarded as truly practical, valuable and important.

Not to indulge in profitless generalizing, permit a single proposition: "One world at a time is enough."

Too absurdly self-evident and compulsory to



take rank as a principle of life and be adopted as a maxim?

If I might but presume to beg of you to "read, mark and inwardly digest," in short, to think it over! Making it a prime object of one's daily endeavor to hold intercourse with departed spirits, is not that asserting a claim to the freedom of two worlds at once, with the risk of leaving near-at-hand duties undone?

### THE PROPHET.

WM. H. PIERSON.

How much of enlargement and meaning the passage of time has put into this word. The popular conception used to be that of one who predicted events. When I was a child I was taught, for example, that a score of verses in the Old Testament made direct reference to Jesus of Nazareth. But when I became a man I began to see that these so-called predictions of "Christ" came from a very vague, indefinite, unscholarly use of this word, still largely prevalent among the people. Many passages in the Hebrew literature thrill with the Messianic hope. But not a single one of them definitely refers to Jesus any more than to Jerome. Indeed, the first real light which dawned upon my own mind in regard to the innate weakness and inconsistencies of that system of doctrines in the spirit of which I had been nurtured, came from a study of the Prophecies. With Alford's Greek Testament in my hand and turning to the Hebrew Bible to verify every reference, I was astonished to find discrepancies that I had not dreamed of. The impression that the Prophet of Palestine was at all in the mind of those ancient seers was wholly dissipated. The discovery of this weak point in the Orthodox system gave courage and candor to look at correlated doctrines and led to an altogether different mental result.

The Prophets alike of ancient and modern times are something more than predictors of events or persons. They are men whose moral natures are most thoroughly aroused. They are those who bring to bear upon the affairs of Church and State the most intense and critical convictions of the soul. They are the truth-speakers of the time. The Prophet is the man who has an unfaltering faith that the thing of supremest value in this world is righteousness. Given such a man with a warm and glowing heart, an active mind, power to express his burning conceptions in words of beauty and of power, and you have to-day, as twenty or forty centuries ago, a prophet of God. But while it is a belittling of the prophetic office to suppose that it concerns itself with petty predictions of men or measures it is certainly true that no class in the community have so clear and strong a sense of any great or impending deliverance or calamity. We have had some striking examples of this in American annals. Listen to this magnificent outburst from the lips of

Wendell Phillips at a time when United States marshals at Boston were remanding bondmen to their Southern claimants. Hear our modern Isaiah denouncing the Fugitive Slave Law:

They have put wickedness into the statute book and its destruction is just as certain as if they had put gunpowder under the Capitol. That is my faith. That it is which turns my eye from ten thousand newspapers, from forty thousand pulpits, from the millions of whigs and democrats, from the might of sect, from the marble government, from the iron army, from the navy riding at anchor, from all that we are accustomed to deem great and potent—turns it back to the simplest child or woman, to the first murmured protest against a wicked and unjust law.

All this was said before Sumter, before Lincoln was thought of as president, before the glory and gloom of the great war. Similar passages might be selected from the writings of Lowell, Longfellow and Whittier—for the poets too are of the prophetic guild—in which it could be seen that we too have had a race of these strong-hearted, clear-headed, far-seeing men who have spoken to our time with a pathos and power not excelled by any Hebrew or Oriental seer.

The prophets are the men who do not speak the mere conventionalities of party or creed. They are apt to be the critics of their generation—the men who apply to passing events the eternal criterions of truth. It naturally follows that they will not immediately loom up in their true greatness. They are best seen through the perspective of history. In their own day and among their own people they are often undervalued. Socrates was forced to drink the cup of hemlock. Jeremiah was cast into a dungeon. John the Baptist is beheaded. Peter and Paul were put in prison. Luther was arraigned by Pope and Emperor. John Rogers, Hugh Latimer and Michael Servetus were burned. Garrison is drawn with a rope through the streets of Boston. Phillips is hissed in the public hall. Theodore Parker is shut out from many of the pulpits of his own church. Channing is misrepresented and reviled by men who assume to be the evangelical teachers of the time. Emerson is denied the name of Christian. And Bellows, a noble, manly, eloquent soul, sighs in the great city where he labors, for a religious sympathy and fellowship denied him on account of his faith.

But though the prophet is not the hero or the saint of the hour, though he strikes too keenly against the common prejudices to be greatly admired, posterity is sure to bring him its praise. By and by it is seen that no one had the good of the people so much at heart as he. At last, the greenest and fairest wreaths are placed upon the brows of the persecuted prophets. And most sacred of the noble company is he who once wearing the platted crown of thorns, and the mockery of the purple robe, is now encircled with the diadem of universal reverence, and is enshrined in the choice affections of all races and centuries.

But it is not enough for us to admire, we are also called upon to imitate the prophetic spirit. To do so, it is for us to ask, not primarily what is politic or pleasurable, but what is right, true, and good.



We, also, must render obedience to the Higher Law, and say as Jesus did: "Father, *thy* will be done." *Fitchburg, Mass., June 20, '83.*

## Our Unity Pulpit.

### THE FIRELESS HELL.

A SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

"Wasted his substance in riotous living." *Luke XV. 13.*

One of the striking pictures of modern art, is De Buffe's painting of "The Prodigal Son," which was on exhibition here in this country a few years ago, and has since been destroyed by fire.

Out of this picture I want to read this morning some evidence of a real, though "fireless hell," that it behooves us to study. The picture consists of a center piece and two panels arranged on either side. It is the panels at the end that upon first study give the most striking, as they do the final lessons of prodigality. On the left is the tattered outcast, bankrupt in character as in funds, without friends and without food, lost in bitter reflections among the swine that are as unmindful of his tending as they are of his humiliation. While on the right the smitten penitent falls into the welcome arms of his father, accepted there with no reconciler save his own humility, with no mediator, save the deathless love of the parental heart. These panels tell with an eloquence surpassing the powers of speech the burden of the parable which has been aptly called "the gospel of the gospels." The reconciliation and reform which morals and religion both aim to realize, are forcibly exemplified in these panels, independent of, and in defiance to, the dogmas of the creed and the refinings of the theologian.

But the center piece, the main painting, upon which the artist wrought for ten diligent years, concentrating thereon the entire resources of his genius, presents a conception quite foreign to the stereotyped study of the parable. The lesson it teaches, though less apparent, ought to be none the less startling to us.

It reveals in graceful outlines, merry figures, faces preoccupied, absorbed with the pressing attractions of the moment and apparently quite happy in the passing concerns of the hour. In different groups are disclosed the delights of poetry, the fascinations of music, the rhythmic grace of the dance, the enjoyments of the feast, the exhilaration of the cup, the bewitchery of love, and the wild, yet absorbing interest of the dice. In all this there is no hint of a torturing hell, no disgrace, no remorse, no humiliation, and apparently no brutality or coarseness.

Some of the faces reveal refinement, culture, aye, much high thought; and the atmosphere of the entire picture is sunny. The cooing doves in the high arch, the noble columns in the Romanesque porch, the sparkling fountain on the marble stairway—all bespeak the surroundings and conditions

of what we aspire to under the name of civilization. And yet it is a picture of a prodigal, because here is a wasting of substance. Does not the artist reach here the most subtle and damning element in prodigality? Are there not hundreds of souls about us, moving in and out among the social circles with which we are acquainted, leading this selfish, flippant, indulgent, prodigal life that apparently leaves no tinge of shame upon the cheek and feeds no scorching fire of conscience within. The fact is these central figures with their joys, merriments and light-footed hilarity illustrate more truly the prodigality of our time than does the wretched reprobate among the swine.

There is a deeper meaning in the elder son's complaint than preachers are generally willing to admit. It does seem as though the prodigals often get the larger share of the good times in this world. The sober morality that stays at home and quietly attends to its duties finds few amenities, limited privileges, small pay, and hard work, to the end of life; while, in modern times at least, the venturesome and ambitious prodigal that takes his portion of goods and strikes out West, not to work and to render legitimate service in the world, but to speculate and have a good time, becomes not a swineherd but a stockholder, a real estate dealer, or a bank president with lots of money, and daily has rings upon his fingers and wears best robes, eats "fatted calf" continually, and lords it over the elder son to the end of his days. The story is told of an eminent Unitarian minister, who, while expounding the parable of the prodigal son from his pulpit one Sunday morning, found his eight-year-old son paying unusual attention. A few days later he found this hopeful youth holding service with his playmates in the hall, during which he proceeded to expound the parable as he understood it, which was something like this:

"My beloved hearers! There was a prodigal son who coaxed his father to give him lots of money, and he did it; then he went away from home and he bought lots of oranges, peaches and candy, and he went to the circus to see the lions and the bears, and he had a *whaling* good time. Friends, let us all be prodigal sons!"

Now I have no doubt but that the exposition of the boy finds more real believers when the belief is interpreted by the deed than the exposition of the father, and it may well be said in justification of the boy's logic, and in explanation of the centre piece in DeBuffe's picture, that many questionable things in practice seem to go unpunished with fire, even of the Unitarian kind! Many gamblers are doubtless excellent sleepers. There are stupid ones, who are happy in their stupidity, and ignorant ones who are boastful of their ignorance. It is a long way from the noble-browed, laurel-crowned poet in the foreground of this picture of DeBuffe's, absorbed in the rapture of the poem, to the conscious misery of a Gwendolen who confesses "everything is a punishment to me. All the things I used to wish



for, are as if they had been made red hot. The very daylight is a punishment to me;" and this long line includes sinners who do not feel the sting of sin. If hell there be for them it is a fireless one. One of the surprises in the study of crime is the fact that there is a period in the life of the criminal when the thought of reform or improvement is repugnant to him. He likes his sin, believes in it, champions it. The habitual drinker whose chain enslaves him only to two or three glasses a day, will blush to take the pledge, and he will be ashamed to find himself classed with teetotalers, but when the chain shortens and strengthens and holds him in the debauchery of twenty glasses per day, all his nature cries out for help, and he will seal the pledge with his heart's blood if thereby he may find release. Now he is in the fiery hell, but was it less a hell for him when he roamed the fireless, sunless shades of the death forest? Swedenborg describes the Hell of the hereafter, as a place where the sinning soul chooses for itself—a place where it can gratify its ruling passion and remain contented forever. This, as far as I know, is the only attempt on the part of theologians to teach of a painless and yet an eternal hell. Swedenborg's thought, as I understand it, is of a fireless life, sunk so low as to be unmindful of its degradation. Starving people reach a point where there is no hunger. The food which saves them must be eaten without appetite. Can it be possible that there is such a condition of soul as this? The thought of it makes one shudder, and yet there is a fatal power in vice that for a time at least tends to reconcile a soul to it.

The thoughtfulness in the Greek mythology gave to Circe, the wicked sorceress, the power of converting human beings into the brutes that their brutal natures most resembled. The swinish followers of Ulysses she changed into pigs and confined in sties. The same story tells us how men of toil and care eating the Lotos fruit were content to rest evermore on the grassy slope, often deaf to every call of duty. Those who ate this fruit were anxious to become citizens of the land

"In which it seemed always afternoon."

"They sat them down upon the yellow sand,  
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;  
And sweet it was to dream of Father-land,  
Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore  
Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,  
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.  
Then some one said, 'We will return no more';  
And all at once they sang, 'Our island home  
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam.'"

But perhaps the most vivid and fearful hint of this fireless hell of complacency, this most horrible of all hells, the hell of contentment, found in literature is that described in Milton's "Comus," the most Greek of all English poems. Comus, the son of Circe, carries on his wicked witchery in an English forest, where "with the sweet poison of misused wine," he corrupted those who passed his way.

"Who ever tasted lost his upright shape,"

And their human countenance,  
The express resemblance of the god, is changed  
Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,  
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,  
All other parts remaining as they were.

And they so perfect in their misery,  
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,  
But boast themselves more comely than before;  
And all their friends and native home forget  
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty."

Perhaps you are ready, by this time, to join with many of the critics of Swedenborg and say that this is a misuse of words. This painless, remorseless and even welcome condition is no *hell*. Why then should I use the word in connection with it? Let us try and see if there is not in this condition some of those deplorable elements that make life woeful and existence so sad as to deserve this most emphatic word—hell.

One of the root meanings of the word itself as we find it, in its Saxon home, is "the abode of death." That, then, is a literal hell where there are withering organs, drooping powers, wherever any faculties of the soul are paralyzed, or yielding to paralytic influences.

Dr. Tanner, by his unnatural fast, plunged his body deep into a physical hell, even though in the main his sleep was unbroken and there was no fever in his veins, because there was a fearful waste of tissue in every fibre, and every organ in his body was doing the work of death. So the business man knows that he whose expenses exceed his income dwells in the abode of monetary death—of a financial hell, though he may have money in the bank, live sumptuously and go clothed in fine linen every day, because the process of bankruptcy has already set in and commercial ruin is bearing down upon him. His as yet is a fireless hell, he is dying without the death-agony. So is the prodigal in De Buffe's master-piece, seen revelling in a fireless hell. Though gay, handsome, genial, talented, he is wasting his substance in riotous selfishness. He is putting to sleep the magnanimous powers of his nature, he is after enjoyment and not service. To use the word of the street, he is in search of fun rather than of nobility. In this picture we see the hell in which human beings are plunged all around us, aimless souls suffering from paralysis of heart, congestion of the intellect. Why pity them, you say! They are satisfied. Aye, the more the pity, for they are wasting their substance in riotous living, they are dwelling in the "abode of death," plunged into a hell most real. We all know such, we have all seen them. These prodigals are to be seen all around us. Every one who grows no wiser as he grows older, all those to whom the years bring more sordidness, more restlessness, more indolence, are already in that hell, all the more real because as yet there is in it none of the fire that purges. It merits the strong Saxon word which signifies the "abode of death" because it is decay and not growth, it is dyspepsia and not digestion.

Another very early idea inseparably connected with the thought of hell in all theologies, is that of the abode of outcasts, "the home of the expelled." Whatever, then, casts us out of our higher privileges, debars us from larger joys, imprisons us in isolation, is Hell. What though I may be content with the companions that my crime brings



to me! All the more real is my exile. "The only sins which blight hopelessly," says George Eliot, "are the sins we love." We pity the man who is compelled to live among the savages of our Western plains, and the pity grows the more pitiful if the man becomes satisfied with his companionship; for that bespeaks an exile from the amenities of civilization which is inward, a far more radical evil than outward captivity. 'Tis pitiable to think of a blind man being led through an art gallery, but the pity deepens into tragedy when the blind man smiles, indifferent to his great loss. There is something very pathetic in the thought of a deaf person at a concert, but if he have no burning sense of his loss, then the sadness deepens an hundred fold. More to be dreaded is this fireless hell of contented deafness than the fiery flames in which writhed the sensitive spirit of grand old Beethoven, as he sat in mute agony seeing the wild enthusiasm of the multitude as they encored one of his own oratorios, not a note of which he heard; for in the suffering of Beethoven do we see evidence of a power that could revel in harmonies that went resounding through the great aisles of his noble soul, sweeter than any the orchestra could cause to reverberate through the walls of the German opera house.

When we think of hell as inward exile, we realize that the laurel-crowned poet, seated on the marble floor in the foreground of DeBuffs picture is farther away from God and Heaven than the wretched swine-herd sitting in his nakedness amid the pigs feeling a great heart-hunger for his father's table and,—let us put in what in that far-off age Jesus himself neglected to insert in this otherwise all perfect domestic picture,—a mother's love. Can we not realize now that he who willingly accepts ostracism from the best and highest things in the universe is in a sadder condition than the writhing soul that may be seethed in the hottest hell Calvinism ever conceived of, if he but continues to cry out of that depth for a better life. Better is a Caliban in whom the brute instincts are clumsily reaching upward into man-like attributes, than a Trinculo whose manly powers are so besotted that he grasps eagerly brutish delights.

Better inflammation than proud flesh in the wound, as any physician will tell you. When the untamed appetite sinks the body in inebriety, when the inflamed passion strikes where it ought not, when love gives way to lust, it is sad, and fiery is the hell in which the soul must expiate these sins. But when in the small complacency of a narrow life, one listens to the siren voice of flattery, eats the lotos of contentment, and becomes complacent and satisfied with what he is and has, I do believe it is sadder, and there may be more hope for the one than the other. For in this latter condition there has been a wasting of substance, there is a want of life, an absence of force which is alarming.

What unholy prayers are those, then, that beg for release from a consciousness of sin, that ask exemp-

tion from the tortures that follow guilt. How grateful should we be, that the high heaven is deaf to such prayers. Pray rather, oh soul! that your conscience may be as sensitive to wrong as the eye is to dust. Pray that the results of every sin may go on rankling in every nerve and festering in every fiber of our being. Pray for the fires of shame and disgrace, aye the howling of damned spirits according to the old conception, rather than that this awful dream of Milton should become true, where a soul becomes so perfect in its misery that it grows proud of its beastly disfigurement. If we could only realize that this is the result of wasting our substance, how economic we should grow!

One more consideration concerning this fireless hell as shown in DeBuffs picture where the prodigal revels merrily, happy in his prodigality. Would that I might find phrases that would adequately set forth this awful lesson—namely;—that not only the individual but the body politic finds here its most serious injuries; out of the fireless pit of polite selfishness spreads the "dry-rot" which blights society.

Whenever the soul catches a glimpse of another soul on fire, and there are such when properly understood, it recoils with a shudder; it hastens to correct, and is prompt in avoiding. But it is not so with the gilded hells of indolence and giddy selfishness where there are no pains to warn or flames to threaten. You remember that in the Grecian story, the song of the siren so bewitched the ear that the sailor's eye did not notice that the waters about him were thick with the wrecks of ships which had been broken on the rocks whereon the sirens sang. Friends, each one of us has reason and conscience enough left to know that the air is still full of siren voices, and that we are constantly tempted to listen so attentively to these deceptive melodies that we actually do not see the wrecks of men and women floating all about us, who have been broken upon the rocks whereon sit the sirens whose music pleases, bewilders, charms us. Not when the substance is all wasted, but while the prodigal is wasting his substance is he a demoralizing influence and his conduct a contagious disease in society. The man in the awful torments of "delirium tremens," the sodden lump in the gutter, dying in his inebriety, never threw a flashing fascination around the wine cup. These never tempted one to draw a single goblet of this broth of degradation; but the circle in high life, the merry company fingering cut glass decanters—the respectable man who goes into the proper saloon, have lured to destruction thousands upon thousands of unwary ones, and this work continues day by day.

It is the fireless hell of the well-kept and would-be honorable bar that does most of the recruiting for the doleful army of sixty thousand who annually touch elbows on their melancholy march towards drunkards' graves.

This principle can be illustrated in the highest



departments of human experience. Religion suffers but little from the coarse and profane attacks made upon it from without, but it dies in the fireless hells where polite indifference, small selfishness, and petty ambitions lay their shrivelled offerings upon the altar of devotion. These, and such as these, chill the heart and induce the mind to hold cheap the burdened agony of the human soul, and to smile at the tireless search of humanity for God. So baneful is the result which flows from every prodigal who wastes his substance in riotous living, thus acclimating himself to the "abode of death," and making himself a citizen in the land of exiles.

"What?" is a more fitting question for us mortals to ask than, "Why?" It is more profitable to try to ascertain what the laws of our life are than to attempt, out of our meager knowledge, to explain *why* they are. The *what*, more than the *why*, has been my theme this day. But before closing I must take a glance forward.

To my mind, both the thought of heaven and the thought of hell demand a future to round them out. Our Hells and our Heavens reach forward and the accounts are not always in a condition to be balanced at the grave. Men die with the debit and credit columns unfooted. Who dares look forward and ask what is to be the sequel of these fireless hells in which we so often dwell in complacency, "wasting our substance in riotous living." Confronting this question two answers, very different, perhaps antagonistic, present themselves.

The first is the answer of the parable and the picture. It is the hope and inspiration of the faith which I preach, namely: that every hell must end in the purifying flame; that the downcast prodigal on the lonely rock, with the carrion birds flying around him, and mocking swine at his feet is the sequel to every selfish dissipation, every unconsecrated pleasure, every fireless hell. I believe the time will come when the blind will become conscious of a world of beauty beyond his comprehension, when the deaf will realize his deafness.

What a dreadful blast would that be, were some Gabriel to blow his trumpet in such a way as to arouse within us a sense of our real poverty, a consciousness of our weakness, and a glimpse of that disfigurement we wear by virtue of our wickedness. This were Adam and Eve coming once more into a consciousness of their nakedness. Something of this faith do I read again out of the Greek legend which says there came a time when the followers of Ulysses remembered they had been men, though they were now pigs. There was just enough of the old nobility left in them, to enable the hero who went in search of them to recognize his own though they were in the shape of pigs in the sty, and when he spoke to them, they "grunted piteously." Here is the beginning of the fire that will burn more and more clearly, as I hope, until the brute is destroyed and the man restored. Once the angel of pain enters upon its heavenly mission let us hope that it will pursue the

evil doer until he is fully persuaded—Hell fire is no longer the Devil's bonfire, but God's argument against sin, and which he will continue to use until the sin be loathed, and the soul out of the depths of the lowest hell cries out for Heaven—and I have a faith that there is no heaven so high that this touching cry will not reach it to pierce the heart of God himself.

Somehow I can but believe that in the nature of things every Hell will ultimately break out into flame, and then, if not till then, there is hope. Once the prodigal is thrown naked upon the rocks, then the penitent is born, and the aspirant is soon to follow. Realize the panel on the left of DeBuffe's picture, and the panel on the right follows logically as effect does cause. Herein I rest my hope for man. I believe in great things for every son of woman, because I believe these flames will eventually make terrific every abode of death and make home-sick every exile. I may not be able to explain this economy of shame, but I believe in its redemptive power—that through it every child will be restored to God its Father, and hell itself become an antechamber of Heaven.

But there is another thought that presses itself upon my soul. I cannot see it in its roundness, in its completeness, and to my limited vision its lines may seem to cross or contradict the lines of faith I have just confessed. There are moments when I can understand the apprehension of some great thinkers that the prodigal may go on in his revelry, his unfeeling, thoughtless, loveless life, wasting his substance, the soul shrinking from little to less until it is aborted, like an unused organ, and nothing remains for hell to feed its fires with. This is not my thought or faith, but when I remember the eyeless fish of the Mammoth Cave, the paralyzed arms of the inactive, the vacant stare of the unthinking, I can but shudder at the thought of how many faculties of the human soul may go out like a candle for want of oil to feed the flame. This much at least must be true in this thought: it is the sediment of reality at the bottom of the old dogma of eternal punishment, against which I so frequently throw what little weight I can command. An outraged law does visit a permanent hurt upon the law-breaker. For every substance wasted there is an irretrievable loss. There will be a permanent scar to mark every wound. Aye, let us hope there will be the unquenchable flame burning at the core of conscience that will carry blushes into the company of angels and pangs of remorse and regret into the happiest heaven, upon the remembrance of every false thought or neglected privilege. Friends, let us not wince at this truth, to the peril of morals and to the hazard of our own peace. We avoid these dangers not by philosophizing about them, or formulating our creeds concerning them, but by that action which may be illustrated by one more allusion to the story of the old heathen, the Homer of long ago. Put wax in your ears that you may shut out the seductive



strain and row against all the temptations to ease or self-enjoyment.

Well did the bard sing "It were a shame for men who have fought at Illium to slumber here like swine fattening for the slaughter."

May it not be said to-day "It were a shame for us who have heard the higher call, tasted of the larger truths and caught glimpses of the better day, to be content to live like fattened animals, in sties of respectable indolence, masterly inactivity and popular selfishness."

Friends, of all the words bandied about by dogmatic disputants, there is none more damaged, more thread bare, so worn that it has well-nigh passed from serious speech into the vocabulary of the satirist and the humorists, than this word hell. We who have ceased to use it as a word of theology, or of credal schemes, may still stop and make serious uses of it as a word of philosophy, of law and of experience. I have offered to you but the skeleton of a sermon—let your own minds elaborate it, so that the most valuable part of this sermon, as indeed of every sermon, may be the part that will come to you hereafter, the part that you will think out for yourselves and by yourselves; aye, the still better part, which having thought out, you shall act out. Then shall we be saved from "wasting our substance in riotous living."

## Notes from the Field.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.—The lay services recently started in the parlors of Mr. and Mrs. Wood in this city are being continued with increasing interest. The audience has grown from ten to fifty. Bro. Powell has for the time being attached them to his Nebraska mission and has visited them twice, his sermons giving them great delight. The services will be continued through the summer, consisting in the main of lay readings. It is hoped that in this way they may wisely lay the foundation of that liberal church, that in due time will tell for the elevation of Topeka, and the enlightenment of Kansas.

SIoux FALLS, DAK.—Our missionary work at this place, so abruptly terminated by the sudden death of Mr. Keyes, is, we hope, to be resumed by Rev. A. A. Roberts of Baraboo, Wis. Mr. Roberts preached his first sermon there on the first of July under favorable auspices. After several years of enforced interruption Mr. Roberts returns to his early love, the Unitarian ministry, and if arrangements are perfected for a continued ministry in Sioux Falls, he will bring to his work a noble earnestness, high zeal, coupled with business sagacity and experience. He will find in Dakota the great possibilities of an unworked field, demanding all he can command of the above qualifications, *plus* patience and time. We await with interest the result.

COMING HOME.—Rev. Eli Fay, who for nearly seven years has served as pastor of the Unitarian Church of Sheffield, England, with signal success, has been compelled to resign on account of ill health. He sailed on the 20th

ult. for the United States, hoping to find a more hospitable climate in his native land. An English paper says:

Dr. Fay's resignation was accepted with intense sorrow and disappointment; and a series of resolutions was passed expressive of their profound regret, and warmly acknowledging that the great prosperity of the congregation for nearly seven years was chiefly attributable to the signal ability and the exceptional devotedness with which the reverend gentleman had discharged his ministerial duties. A resolution was also passed expressing the sincere hope that a residence in a warmer climate would restore him to his wonted vigor.

From the same paper we learn that Tuft's College at its last Commencement conferred upon Mr. Fay the honorary degree of D.D. We trust that with the change of climate Mr. Fay may soon find himself ready for work and that there may be work ready for him.

MONMOUTH, ILL.—Many of our readers share with us our interest in the new and hopeful movement in this place, and will be glad to know of its continued prosperity. Considerable money has been spent in improving the church building, and a new organ purchased, and still there is "money in the bank." A private correspondent tells us how they do it there, as follows:

I wish you might have been with us at our last Sunday evening concert, for you would have felt as all our friends do, that "Unity" church is to be a fixture in this place. As we have taken the initiative in this matter of sacred concerts, so last Sunday we made bold to introduce another heterodox innovation—music by the band. This might not cause any undue excitement in a Chicago church, but with many of the good people here it is a matter of grave doubt whether or not one dare use an *organ* in the worship of God. But if any of us had any lingering fears of shocking somebody they were speedily dispelled by the sight of the audience which filled the building to overflowing. For the first time in the history of "Unity" church people were obliged to turn away unable to find seats.

BOSTON.—As we were planning a note, regretting the resignation of W. G. Babcock as pastor of the Warren Street Chapel, which we believe is the first Church Mission organized primarily for the sake of the children, in Boston, a note comes to us announcing the establishment of a new movement of a similar nature. The Appleton Street Chapel originates with teachers, parents and children, who have long been associated with Mr. Babcock at the Warren Street Chapel. In order to continue together as pastor and people, they form this new society. Their object is to do the best they can, by Sunday School teaching, public worship and preaching, social gatherings and personal friendship to make this a better and happier world; and they welcome to their number all who sympathize with the object. The Sunday-school and Pastor's address to the young will be united in one service at 2 p.m., and the adult service will be held at 3 p.m. One evening each month will be successively for Sunday School teachers, social recreation, literary studies and public entertainment. The society has rented one of the halls in the Paine Memorial building on Appleton street, and all who are interested are cordially invited to attend the opening meeting on the first Sunday in September.

OBERLIN.—We presume that the administration of Oberlin College would like to burn *UNITY*, and perhaps the time was when it would have liked to throw the Editorial Committee into the same fire. But still there is something about Oberlin College that we like. That iron man President Phinney has put iron into the ethical blood of two generations of its graduates. Spite of its conservatism, it has been an institution with ideals. And it has had the con-



sciousness of a divine calling. The first week of July last was the celebration of their Jubilee, and it must have been an occasion long to be remembered by those who participated in it. Forty-seven class reunions. One graduate had traveled ten thousand miles. There were representations literally from the four quarters of the globe. Parents and children attended the same Alumni meeting. Four thousand people were present to listen to Pres. Fairchild's Baccalaureate on the "Providential Aspects of the Oberlin Enterprise." And of course there was no end to the reminiscences of underground railroads, opposition to negro-students, and the startling innovation of admitting women. Lucy Stone was one of the orators. She recalled the time when some of them worked for three cents an hour and boarded themselves. Others took in washing at 37½ cents per dozen. She told of one girl who sold the silk that was for dresses and used the money to clothe her mind. She told of how General Cox "made the crackers which on Sunday morning with crust coffee constituted our breakfast." And of how Antoinette Brown Blackwell washed the dishes and swept the parlor, landing, of course, as Lucy Stone has a right to, upon Oberlin's contribution to the woman question. We have room but for a single passage:

And what is the result of this example of Oberlin of fifty years of co-education? It is true Dr. Dix still holds his straw up against Niagara. Harvard keeps its hand on its door knob; but the "annex" is there, and all around behold more than half the colleges of the land wide open to women. Boston University, Cornell, the State universities of Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, Kansas, Nebraska, with all their departments, are open to women, as are other colleges almost innumerable. Colleges for women alone, Vassar, Wellesley, and Smith, have been opened. Some of them send to Oberlin for women to act as professors. The London University and those of Cambridge and Oxford in England give their examinations to women. Even India, breaking its triple bondage of women, sends to us her daughter to study medicine, while a young East India woman endeavors to impart to her government and to her countrywomen an idea of the need of education for women. In ten thousand homes all around us are educated mothers who bring to the grave duty of rearing sons and daughters well-stored and well-disciplined minds, and here is the center of our national safety. The State summons woman to deal with some of its most difficult problems. The feminine thought, the feminine judgment and view are being called for and added to the masculine thought, judgment, and view, in the great questions which involve human interests and which need the wisdom of all for the good of all. Oberlin dropped its pebble in the great ocean, and the widening wavelets have touched every shore.

## Correspondence.

### RUSKIN AND BEARD AT OXFORD.

[From a private letter we give our readers the following interesting glimpse of things at Oxford, as they appear to an intelligent and earnest minister who stands outside of the "Establishment."—ED.]

Since you were here last year Ruskin has been re-appointed to the Slade Professorship of Fine Art, and his lectures are popular to a degree. He delivers every lecture twice, and even then some hundreds can't get admission, which is by ticket. He is the only man here who can count upon an audience exceeding one hundred persons, a fact not so strange as it sounds if you were to attend some of the lectures given. \* \* \* \* Our well-paid theological Professors are oftentimes so many dominies except in the matter of port wine and beef. And I hear that these portly old ladies have interdicted Ruskin from following the bent of his genius; if he does not confine himself to art—well—he won't be elected again! True it

is that in his recent lectures on "English Art" Ruskin has trespassed much less than usual on the domain of moral philosophy, and more is the pity, for he is about the only English author who sees the true perspective of morals and creeds. In his first lecture he said the axe had been laid at the root of many of his prejudices—he used to think that ladies could not draw, while now he thinks that scarcely any other can. "Francesca," an American lady, he praises as pre-eminent, and certainly some of her drawings, which were exhibited, are a marvel of skill which finds the soul of things. As you have probably never seen Ruskin, a word or two as to his personal appearance will not be amiss. Though only sixty-four years of age, he looks feeble and has a painful stoop, or student's back. I fancy his chest is weak and has been weak ever since he was a boy. At the age of twenty-two he tells us in the Epilogue to the edition just out of Vol. II, of "Modern Painters" that he was so ill that his friends despaired of his life, and that he shared this despair himself. His voice would indicate weakness in the chest, for he has very imperfect control over it, and at times is anything but musical. He invariably begins his lecture in a kind of sing-song, or as if he were intoning. However he delivers his points and his anecdotes to perfection—his countenance lights up and his eyes flash in a charming way which is very winning and impressive. The serious parts are mostly execrably delivered, which is very annoying. To sum up, his delivery varies from very good to very bad—but when he dispenses with his manuscript he is always good and striking like his style. To hear the man is a great help to understand his writings, and no one who has listened to him will ever question his earnestness. In stature he probably was five feet eleven inches when he could stand erect. He is thin, and no wonder, for he confesses he is no judge of wine,—the last qualification you might expect lacking in an Oxford don! He wears his hair very long and sometimes unkempt—it is slightly flecked with gray. Latterly he has given up shaving, so that he wears somewhat stumpy hairs on his face which are quite gray. His nose, like Irving's "left leg, is a poem in itself." It is very finely chiselled and slightly aquiline. The eyes are full of life, the brows bushy and the forehead slightly retreating and neither high nor low.

The Hibbard Lectures—XII in number—were given here in April and May last by the Rev. Chas. Beard, B.A. Though Mr. Beard is an exceptionally fine speaker, his lectures were emphatically not a success from a numerical point of view. Scarcely an under-graduate could be seen and very few indeed were the University men. The attendance began with sixty-five and ended with thirty-five—averaged about fifty. Many causes were against success, the time of year was the very worst, for all young men who care for lectures were either busy preparing for the mid-summer examinations or were actually being examined. The frivolous were busy with lawn tennis and cricket, or on the river. Besides it was difficult to choose between the lectures. Many a day I attended as many as three different lectures! If Mr. Beard had compressed his lectures into six it had been better perhaps for all concerned and certainly for their chance for an audience. The fault found with the lectures was that they looked too much on the sides of subjects, instead of as a whole. The effect produced



on the mind was something like reading several articles in a good encyclopedia—a sense of knowing a great deal but not at all clearly, much less the bearing of one event on another. Too much history and too little criticism, I should say. The lectures were delivered in the Oxford Music Hall—a dismal, dingy, damp, execrable room with agony-seats. The University authorities refused a decent room unless Mr. Beard bound himself to steer clear of all controversial subjects! So that Mr. Beard had to enter Oxford, as it were, at a postern gate where none of the respectabilities of Oxford were ever seen. And to crown all absurdities the first four lectures were delivered with various drop scenes behind the lecturer—the first scene was an empty room with an open door in the back ground symbolic of much! “You have come here, it is true, still thy reception is an empty room—disappear!” The scene at the second lecture was some cloisters drawn in most painful perspective; and on the occasion of the third and fourth lectures, the scene was most aesthetic; giant sun-flowers and lilies in foreground with a “grand sweep” leading up to a Moorish mosque in the background. Fancy Luther at Worms defending the cause of liberty and of progress, standing with “Hier stehe ich, Ich kann nicht anders, Gott holfe mir, Amen,” with such a scene for a background. To do Mr. Beard justice, he kept his back resolutely turned upon the scene, but had Luther been there, he had lifted up his heel and dashed it through in no time.

## The Study Table.

All books noticed in this department, as well as new and standard books of every description, may be obtained by addressing The Colegrove Book Co., 135 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

### LITERARY NOTES.

The *Literary World* for July 14th makes the appearance of a new edition of the “Rollo Books” and several of their relations, the occasion of quite an extended notice of Jacob Abbott’s books for children. Which, we are inclined to think with this critic, form more wholesome food for children than most of the dangerously “attractive” books that have followed in their train. The writer sums up his estimate as follows:

To these books—these simple, sensible, truthful, sagacious, wholesome books, and their comrades from the same hand—three living generations of Americans owe some of the best and most lasting lessons ever taught to human minds. In their rejuvenated form the *Rollo Books*, the *Jonas Books*, and the *Lucy Books* ought to go on doing their good work for generations to come.

—The same paper contains a valuable study of Mormonism, by Mrs. Paddock. She has had an opportunity of studying the enormities and atrocities of that system from twelve years’ residence as a Gentile in Utah.—Grace Darling has found a biographer. The story of her life is soon to be published by Thomas Whittaker. This is following the line indicated by Ruskin’s call, as stated by him in his preface to the “Story of Ida.” “Substituting for the artfully combined improbabilities of modern Fiction, the careful record of providentially ordered Fact.”—Bell & Son, of London, are issuing a three-volume edition of Emerson’s Works, which, it is claimed, is to contain several essays and pieces never before published in England or America.—T. Y. Crowell & Co. have published in one volume for the low price of \$1.25, the two-volume selections of “Poems of Robert Browning,” made by himself some years ago for an English publisher. We heartily indorse the words of the *Literary World*:

That Browning should become as widely read as Tennyson or Longfellow no one can expect, but we see no reason why he should not win

such an audience among us as other poets in this series have found, as Coleridge, or Shelley, or Spenser. And we are grateful in the name of the public for this worthy effort to make so large a body of Browning’s poetry accessible to all.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. promise the complete works of William H. Seward in five volumes, for next October. They are also bringing out the autobiography of Thurlow Weed.—A new edition of four stories by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has been issued by T. B. Peterson & Brothers. They were written years ago for *Peterson’s Magazine* before the author made her reputation.—Roberts Bros. have already announced some of their forthcoming holiday books. Among them are “Gray’s Elegy,” with designs by Harry Fenn; Jean Ingelow’s “High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire,” illustrated by Church and others; Lord Houghton’s “Good Night and Good Morning,” with etchings by Walter Severn; and Cardinal Newman’s poem “Lead, kindly Light,” illustrated by St. John Harper and George R. Halm.—Mr. Lewis Carroll, author of “Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland,” has written a new book called “Rhyme and Reason,” to be published by the MacMillans.—It is claimed that Newman Hall’s “Come to Jesus,” has been printed in twenty languages and that three million copies of it have been sold.—Mr. R. Worthington has made an amusing child’s book out of the recently acknowledged verses of Longfellow, beginning “There was a Little Girl.”—Herbert Spencer’s “Data of Ethics” is issued in cheap popular form by D. Appleton & Co., with an introduction written for this edition.—A volume of essays by Dr. Holmes, part of them new and part already published in the *Atlantic* and the volume entitled “Atlantic Essays,” and including the famous “Hunt after the Captain” and “Mechanism in Thought and Morals,” is issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—A new edition of Mr. Hale’s clever story “Ten Times One is Ten,” has been issued by Roberts Bros. Mr. Hale, who has just finished a book on Spain, is shortly to begin work on a history of the Pacific Ocean and its shores, for which he has been collecting material for many years.

THE STORY OF IDA. By Francesca. Edited, with preface, by John Ruskin, D. C. L. Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston. 1883. pp. 84. 75 cts.

Doubtless a considerable part of the present notoriety of this little book, and its phenomenal success in the market, is attributable to the fact that John Ruskin has become an enthusiastic admirer of the author’s artistic powers, and that he has given to this little story the benefit of his great name. But the booklet deserves all the success it has achieved, and much more, on its own intrinsic merit. It is simple; it is true; it is very tender; and consequently has that rare beauty which accompanies these qualities. Ida is here presented to us in the merest outline sketch, but it is distinct enough to justify profound thought and subtle analysis. A poor Florentine sewing-girl, with a face so beautiful as to attract the artist eye of Miss Frances Alexander, a lady artist from Boston, and lead her to desire to use her as a model. We infer that her idealized face proved so attractive to picture buyers that Miss Alexander—“Francesca”—was kept busy much of the time in multiplying this face in various ways. This threw artist and sewing-girl much into one another’s company, enabling the former to discover a spirit worthy the sweet face of the latter. Meanwhile there comes into the life of Ida the cruel joy of misdirected love. The man, to whom she could at most be but a pleasing toy, a passing pleasure, became to her the fullness of life; aye, life itself. For when the hard reality revealed itself, she sank under it into an untimely grave. The doctors gave the cause of her death a common name, and held the inhospitable air responsible for wasted tissue; but none the less was it a case of heart-breaking. We are grateful to this artist for



telling the simple story. We are grateful to Ruskin for discovering it and giving it to the world. Grateful, too, for some characteristic wisdom from his pen in the preface. But we wish he had desisted from much of his so-called editing. We resent the intrusion of his italics, and we wish he had kept his august personality in the way of petty little foot-notes out of the simple story. We resent the implied insinuation, which now and then crops out in the words of the biographer as well as the editor, that this was a very exceptional case; so exceptional as to tax the credulity of the reader. Also that it was the product of some especial, not to say miraculous, workings of some peculiar form of religious faith or special dispensation of Christianity. Humanity is fertile in Idas; aye, in those far nobler and greater than Ida, because, added to Ida's thoughtfulness for others, that saves her one centime, one-tenth of a penny, each day that she might buy a piece of bread for an old blind man every Sunday morning; and that enabled her to rise from a dying bed to make festive a sister's wedding day; added to that wise, womanly reserve which realized that there were some sorrows as well as some joys, too deep for words, which speech only mocks, and so did not make heavier her burdens by talking about them; and added to that wealth of kindness that refused the bitter relief from wrong that comes from sneers, cynicism and hate, these have a strength of intellect, a breadth of vision, a grasp of this world that Ida had not. There are many women this side of Florence who suffer as much as Ida did, endure more grievous wrong, but refuse to die; they continue to live right along, making the world better, and others, at least, happier for their untold suffering. The Idas are not so rare in this world as are the Francescas; those who have skill to paint the great loveliness found in so many women's faces all about us; who have the insight to detect and the power to describe the sufferings of common humanity, the hidden tragedies, and the veiled triumphs in lives near and familiar to all of us.

Ida is one of the many strong women whom we all know, written rather small. She lies coiled within the life of so many women about us whom the pencil of Francesca will never idealize and the pen of John Ruskin never glorify. Oh! there is an imperishable purity even in the heart of the woman we call impure. And what is true of Ida is somewhat true of every lone, injured woman, and woman is a sister to man, not so very unlike after all. Surely Ruskin is quite right when he says "the lives we need to have written for us are of the people whom the world has not thought of—far less heard of—who are yet doing the most of its work, and of whom we may learn how it can best be done."

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM. By Thomas Gibson Bowles. Funk & Wagnalls. Standard Library. Price, 25 cents.

If we have been somewhat tardy in our notice of this book, it is because we have read it as such a book must be read to get the good of it. If one "digests" it, in Bacon's use of the word, it must be by very small morsels. It is a book of reflections, set down at random and without order or connection save such as has come through the suggestion of some work, reading, incident, mental mood or feeling. Borrowed, opened at the first page and read through to the last, it would be a great bore; owned, picked up in odd moments of leisure and read at whatever page it may

chance to open, it is pleasing and nearly always suggestive. Some statement, or thought, or fancy is quite sure to strike the attention either for approval or disapproval, and to cause a thoughtful person to lay down the book and follow out the same lead for himself. A grace in dealing with trifles amounting almost to genius, a logic sometimes pushed to the verge of fancifulness, and withal a certain undercurrent of cynicism reminds one often of such French writers as Diderot or Rochefoucauld; but the author is in fact an Englishman and editor of England's leading society journal, *Vanity Fair*.

Of a work so fragmentary but so quotable, the most adequate impression must come through extracts, though probably any two readers would differ in their selections.

"In all your confessions that which you will never confess is the act which you yourself blame."

"He is in the safest position who has the most and sharpest goads to work. So that, if I were asked to provide a man with capital for his life, I should provide him with poverty, debt, unrequited love, doubts and enemies. There are few who, when they are quit of these, do anything worth doing, unless it be something for themselves—which is not worth doing."

"If you would see the real prophet, poet, statesman, artist or orator—that is to say, one who in any of these characters has reached any conclusion—you will find him in the solitary man struggling and wrestling with his work, failing, falling, letting the oar fall from his grasp and coming to it again painfully, perhaps reluctantly, and always with distrust of his strength, the while there is none by to cheer and encourage him, no applause, no result even apparent, nor any present hope of a result. What he then can do in the silence and darkness, that he is; and he is but a pale reflex and imitation of that when he stands forth only to show his work. Yet this, the least part and merest incident of his business, is alone regarded and treated as though it were the whole. They turn with disgust from him while he is running the race; and when he wins the prize they go about exclaiming that it is a gift."

A. B. M'M.

OUT OF THE STREETS. By Mrs. Herbert Martin. London: Sunday School Association. 1883. pp. 107. Price, 2 shillings.

This is the story of a bright, interesting girl with a real genius for music, who by her courage and perseverance raised herself "out of the streets," where we find her playing the violin for the few pennies which may be thrown to her by strangers, to an honored and useful position. The story is simple and well told. It moves easily from beginning to end and contains no overdrawn or exaggerated incidents. There are to be sure one or two unusual coincidences in the book, and Stella's time of trial was certainly very short; but these are not to be considered as imperfections in a book of this kind. The characters, which are not many, are all well drawn. The "celebrated Rossini family" might be taken from life, and good-natured Bob Liberty interests us quite as much as the unfortunate "uncle Jem" to whom he and Stella are so devoted. One thing for which there is occasion to be grateful is that while the characters talk in a perfectly natural way, yet it is with an absence of the slang and objectionable expressions which many writers for children and young people think justifiable or even necessary in such a book as this. The book itself is very attractive, with clear type, fair margins and neat binding.

E. E. M.

When you do anything from a clear judgment that it ought to be done, never shrink from being seen to do it, even though the world should misunderstand it; for if you are not acting right, shun the action itself; if you are, why fear those who wrongly censure you?—*Epictetus*.



## Little Unity.

ELLEN T. LEONARD, Editor, Hyde Park, Ill.

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It is the object of these columns to increase the interest of the young reader in finding "What to see" in this wonderful world about us, and in deciding "What to do" toward the making of a true and useful life. Also to help mothers, Sunday-school Teachers, and all who have the privilege of training children to find the soul of all life in the things which are to be seen and to be done around us.

### BE CONTENT.

"Poor and content is rich and rich enough."—*Shakspeare.*

To begin with a reason which is lowest down and nearest our every day reach,—it is the most comfortable condition in which we can be. To be honestly comfortable and at home with one's self, is to be of more use, and to have more friends than could be the case, surely, if one were *uncomfortable*—or discontented; they go hand in hand you see.

Is it hard to be content when you must do without so many of the things you want very much? If you are too busy thinking how hard it is, you will not have your wits about you, and something quite as good as that for which you are lamenting, may pass you by unnoticed. Think out a moment among your friends, young and old. They do not have all they want, and they are not very wretched. There must be some way then to be reasonably happy without having all our wants met. The more we learn of real life, in and about us, the more we find within our reach to content us. It is nearly always those who have learned but little of real life, who have not come near to, and shared in the surrounding, common life, who are the most unsatisfied. Do you think content means not to wish to do or have anything better than what you are already doing or having, and so you scorn to be content? If it did there would be glory in your scorn. It often looks as if even grown people thought this the meaning of the word. The dictionary says it is "Moderate happiness," "an undisturbed state of mind." So its true meaning is not that easy unprogressiveness which looks no higher, but a quiet acquiescence with what is, for the present, at the same time quietly working on toward that which is better. "For the present," but always moving on. We do not expect to reach final conditions in this life.

We like the word in many ways. It suggests a certain poise, or balance, wherever it is applied. It implies having what there is in us at our own best command. To be really happy is to find good use for what is in us. One must be not only his own master but his own servant, as well. He can be neither truly, without content. It is free from the feverish reaching here and there for that which when grasped is not half used. It is a kind of blessedness all may find whether high or low, rich or poor, and wherever it is, there is also the truest and broadest brotherhood. People of all ages have had to learn

how to practice content if they would have any good of their lives. In the 4th chapter of Philippians, 11th verse, we find "I have learned in whatever state I am therewith to be content." From Shakspeare the following:

"My crown is called content,  
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy:"

and a still later writer says: "Contentment consists in not persuading ourselves that our things are the very best in the world, but in believing they are the best for us, and giving God thanks for them."

### THE BABY AND THE BEE.

Said the baby to the bee,  
"Good morning, Mr. Bee;  
I am but a little baby,  
And you'll please to let me be."

To the baby said the bee,  
"If I am to let you be,  
I will let you be a baby,  
For you can not be a bee."

Said the baby to the bee,  
"If you let me be a baby,  
You must let me be a bee;  
For b-a-bee is baby,  
And that is what I be."

—*Ex.*

### A LEGEND OF BREGENZ.

One of the loveliest lakes that ever lay encircled by rugged mountains is Lake Constance. The skies above are reflected in the blue bosom of the lake below, and as you watch the white clouds passing over it, you think it just a piece of heaven on earth. Above the lake has stood for a thousand years or more the quaint old Tyrolean city, Bregenz, and it is the legend of this city—how the town was saved one night three hundred years ago,—that I am going to tell you. A Tyrol girl left her home and friends to go out to service in the Swiss valleys. She stayed in Switzerland so long that her homesickness was forgotten, the language of her new friends seemed no longer strange, and when she led her cattle out to pasture she looked no more on this side and on that, wondering in which direction lay dear old Bregenz. Still she used to sing to her master's children the old songs of her native land, and at night when she knelt for her simple prayer, it was the words of her childhood which came to her. Suddenly arose in the peaceful valley strange rumors of war and strife—the men were sterner, there was little talk of spinning or working among the women, and even the little children seemed afraid to go out alone to play. One night the men and women were assembled and talked over a plan for a secret attack on the stronghold of the enemy, Bregenz. Their words were like death to the heart of the poor Tyrolese maiden and the thought of the beauty of her native city—that it was her old home



and where her kinsfolks still lived, and she saw in her new friends only the foes of her country. These words sounded in her heart, "Go forth, save Bregenz and then, if need be, die." She went with trembling haste to the shed, loosened the strong white horse that fed daily from her hand, mounted him and turned his head toward Bregenz. Out into the darkness they fly—faster, ever faster—in her heart a prayer for Bregenz. She hears before her the rushing of the Rhine. Her horse draws back in terror, for the bank is high and steep—one moment and in he plunges. It is a hard struggle, she cannot see through the darkness, the waters rush above the mane of her horse, but at last it is over and the noble horse bears her up the steep bank on the other side. Again they rush onward and just at midnight they reach the city. Bregenz is saved. The battlements are manned before daylight and the advancing army is met with defiance. That was three hundred years ago, but the old stone gateway which was erected on the hill to do her honor, stands there still, and still at night as the warder paces to and fro, guarding the old gateway and calling each passing hour, when midnight comes, he calls the maiden's name.

Now go to Adelaide Proctor's poems and read the legend just as she wrote it for you.

### BABY THANKFUL.

Roaming in the meadow,  
Little four-year-old  
Picks the snowy daisies,  
With their hearts of gold.

Fills her little apron,  
Fills her dimpled hands;  
Suddenly—how quiet  
In the grass she stands:

"Who made flowers, so pitty,—  
Put 'em here? Did God?"  
I, half heeding, answer  
With a careless nod.

Holding close her blossoms,  
With uplifted head,  
Fervent face turned skyward,  
"Thank you, God!" she said.

Then, as if explaining,  
Though no word I spake,  
"Always *mus*' say 'thank you,'  
For the things I take."

Oh my little preacher,  
Clad in robes of praise,  
Would we all might copy  
Baby Thankful's ways.

Time to fret and murmur  
We could never make,  
Should we first say, "Thank you,"  
For the things we take.

—Scattered Seeds.

### LEARNING THE BIRDS.

"Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?"

I cannot say that I have, but I have named two or three, if, as I suppose, "naming" here means learning to know the names of those I see. I labor under a double disadvantage. I am so near-sighted that I cannot see a bird unless he kindly condescends to hop very near to me, which few but the robins or the English sparrows are willing to do. Then I have but a feeble ear for music, so that it is with great difficulty that I can distinguish or remember the notes.

I will describe to you my efforts to learn the red-eyed vireo, about which I found such varied descriptions in the books.

In "The Birds of New England and the Adjacent States," Samuels says of him, "I feel that no description of mine can begin to do justice to the genial, happy, industrious disposition of this one of our most common and perhaps best beloved birds. Everywhere in these states, at all hours of the day, from early morning until evening twilight, his sweet, half plaintive, half meditative carol is heard. Whenever we see him, we notice that he is busily searching in the trees for caterpillars and noxious larvæ, or pursuing winged insects that have taken flight from the trees. While thus engaged, he utters at short intervals his warbling song. This consists sometimes of a few syllables like '*wee cheweo turrulit cheweo*,' given in a singularly sweet tone."

The next author which I take up, exclaims in this fashion,

"I'm tired of the red-eyed vireo,  
Calling from morning to night  
In the tone of asserting a right:

'There, now, look at me! See here! Don't you see me?'"

Wilson Flagg, in "Birds and Seasons of New England," calls him the preacher vireo, and speaks of him in this wise: "The tones of the preacher are loud and sharp, modulated somewhat like those of the robin, though not so continuous. We might suppose him to be repeating moderately, with a pause between each sentence, 'You see it? You know it? Do you hear me? Do you believe it?' All these strains are delivered with a rising inflection at the close, and a pause, as if waiting for an answer. The prolongation of his singing season until sometimes the last week in August renders him a valuable songster. When nearly all other birds have become silent, the little preacher still continues his earnest harangue, and is sure of an audience at this late period, when he has but few rivals."

I listened and looked for this bird for two seasons, but all in vain, and the third opened with no better success, till, one morning at the end of May, I became conscious that a very familiar note belonged neither to the robin, oriole, nor song sparrow; the bird was talking in broken, disconnected syllables, without much emphasis or animation. I



hastened to call a friend, who had with me been seeking the acquaintance of the vireo.

"Why, isn't that a robin?" said she. "I always supposed that to be a robin."

"It is not clear and strong enough for a robin," I argued, and we both hurried out into the avenue each armed with an opera glass. Up and down we searched, twisting and straining our necks as we peered up into the trees, but finally, moment of triumph, we caught sight of the bird, and found it to be no robin! And as well as we could see among the tree shadows, it answered to the description of the red-eyed vireo.

Since that time, we have heard the bird constantly, and are forced to the humiliating conclusion that we had heard him every year, but had carelessly chosen to attribute his song to the robin, who probably would not have considered himself flattered by the mistake.

CORA H. CLARKE.

### CLEVER RATS:

A resident in a country town one day had several fine eggs sent to him, and he put them in a basket in what he thought a safe place. When a little while after he looked at the eggs he found that one was gone, and the next day another vanished, and he began to suspect that one of his servants must be fond of eggs for breakfast, and made them very angry by saying so. They naturally kept their ears and eyes open for the thief, and late at night, hearing a noise on the kitchen stairs, peeped cautiously out and discovered him, or rather them—for there were a couple, and each of them had four legs instead of two. The guilty pair were rats, one of them larger than the other, and they were both busy in carrying down stairs an egg, which they did very skillfully. The larger rat stood on his hind legs, with fore paws and head resting on the step above; his partner rolled the egg toward him, and he clasped it gently and lifted it down to the step on which he stood, holding it there till his companion came to take charge of it, when he descended to a lower one, and thus the clever couple reached the bottom without even cracking their egg.—*Sel.*

## The Exchange Table.

### JOHN JONES AND I.

We had a tiff: "John Jones," said I,  
"You should not leave your cow at large!"  
"You mend your fence!" was his reply;  
And so ran charge and counter-charge.

A trifling thing: The cow had cropped  
Some blades of grass, some heads of grain;  
And yet for this a friend I dropped!  
And wrought for both a lasting pain.

I knew that I had played the fool,<sup>2</sup>

Yet thrust my better thought aside,  
And, when my blood had time to cool,  
Became a greater fool through pride.

Upon two homes a shadow sate:

Two cordial wives grew shy and cool;  
Two broods of children learned to hate!  
Two parties grew in church and school.

John Jones's pew was next to mine:

What pleasant greetings passed between!  
As sacred as the bread and wine  
Had our communing friendship been.

Oft had our voices swelled the song;

Oft had we bowed in common prayer,  
And shared the worship of the throng  
Who sat in heavenly places there.

But how shall souls in exile sing

The Lord's sweet song? The holy notes  
Of fellowship, and joy, and peace  
And pardon stuck in both our throats.

Some lessened relish for all good

Made life for both to deaden down;  
So nature darkened to our mood,  
And answered back our settled frown.

One summer eve I sat and smoked:

Good Dr. Dean came riding by;  
He said, in voice a little choked,  
"John Jones is hurt, and like to die!"

A sudden fire shot through my brain,—

And burned, like tow, the sophist lies!  
And on my heart a sudden pain  
Fell, like a bolt from hidden skies!

I stumbled o'er the threshold where

My shadow had not passed for years;  
I felt a shudder in the hand  
A woman gave me through her tears.

When he no more the pulse could feel,

I saw the doctor turn away:  
Some mighty impulse made me kneel  
Beside the bed, as if to pray,—

Yet not the Maker's name I called;

As one who plunges 'neath the wave—  
A swimmer strong and unappalled—  
Intent a sinking life to save,

So all my soul's up-gathered powers,

In anguish of desire intense,  
Sent that departing one a cry  
That leaped the abyss of broken sense.

To the dim eye came back a ray;

O'er the white face a faint smile shone;  
I felt (as 'twere a spirit's touch,)  
The stiffened fingers press my own.

O resurrection power of God,

That wrought that miracle of pain!  
From buried hearts tore off the shroud,  
And made dead friendship live again!



Beside one grave two households stood,  
And weeping heard the pastor say,  
"That out of death He bringeth life,  
And out of darkness cometh day."

Was I chief mourner in the train?  
Ah, who could guess, of all the throng,  
The strange, sweet comfort-in-the-pain  
Of one who mourns forgiven wrong!

—Charles G. Ames, in *The Sower*.

THE POINT OF VIEW.—A Fly, observing one day a Sheep running with great Rapidity from a Forest, inquired, "What is the Matter, my Friend?" "Matter enough!" panted the Sheep. "Dear Fly, in yonder wood there is a Lion!" "Really! and what of That?" returned the Fly. "Surely you're not Afraid of a Lion." "And do you indeed not Fear him?" gasped the Sheep. "Certainly not; to Prove it, I will myself enter the Wood." The Fly hurried away, and returning after some Time continued: "You are right, my Friend, he is There: but really there is no Occasion for Fear. I conversed with him for some Minutes, and I even Flatter myself that it was I who Annoyed him. Pray, do not be so Timid!" At this moment, a Spider, who had just Completed her Web near by, appeared Suddenly on the Scene. The Fly turned pale, and, without Warning, fainted quite away. The Spider, seizing him, bore him into her Web, whence he never Reappeared. "Alas! my Friend," said the Sheep, as he walked quietly away, "it is not so Much what you are Afraid of as it is the Being Afraid."—*Life*.

IS PROFANITY EVER JUSTIFIABLE?—The death of the Rev. Charles T. Brooks, of Newport, R. I., recalls a little anecdote about him. At a tea-party, given by a member of the Rev. Rev. Dr. Thayer's church a few years ago, a lady playfully remonstrated with Dr. Thayer for his intimacy with the Unitarian divine. "It is true," said Dr. Thayer, "that Mr. Brooks and I are very good friends and that I am really very fond of him. He is a most delightful companion, and we often go fishing together. To-day, however, while we were on the fishing-ground, he shocked me by a little exhibition of profanity." "Profanity!" exclaimed the orthodox sister, "you don't really mean that Mr. Brooks is profane?" "I must confess that he was somewhat so to-day," said good Dr. Thayer. "You see, it happened thus: we were at anchor with our lines out, Brother Brooks, the skipper, and I, when, after some tedious waiting, the skipper cried out: 'I had a d—n good bite then'; whereupon my Brother Brooks quickly responded: 'So did I!'—*Chicago Tribune*.

MR. GEORGE BANCROFT has reached the second volume of his final and revised edition of his *History of the United States* (Appleton), and in it condenses the third and fourth volumes of previous editions. The work is not changed essentially, the method of relating and the view taken of American history being adhered to, but condensation is secured, sometimes by the new arrangement of the text, but more especially by severe curtailment of diffuseness of style, the avoidance of repetitions, and the merciless cutting out of what is called fine writing. A teacher of rhetoric can find in many comparative passages, in the new and old editions, instructive lessons for his students in the art of composition. Mr. Bancroft at the age of fourscore is frank enough to show that he has learned a good deal in the matter of style since he began this work fifty years ago.—*The Critic*.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.—A little five-year-old friend, who was always allowed to choose the prettiest kitten for his pet and playmate before the other nurslings were drowned, was taken to his mother's room the other morning to see the two new twin babes. He looked reflectively from one to the other for a minute or two, then, poking his chubby finger into the cheek of the plumpest baby, he said decidedly, "Save this one."—*Exchange*.

## Announcements.

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